Volume V Chicago, Ill., August, 1928 Number 5

# The Liberal

## A Prayer

By "Unknown" in The
Boston Transcript

Give me work to do;
Give me health;
Give me joy in simple things.
Give me an eye for beauty,
A tongue for truth,
A heart that loves,
A mind that reasons,
A sympathy that understands.

Give me neither malice nor envy,
But a true kindness
And a noble common sense.

At the close of each day
Give me a book,
And a friend with whom
I can be silent.

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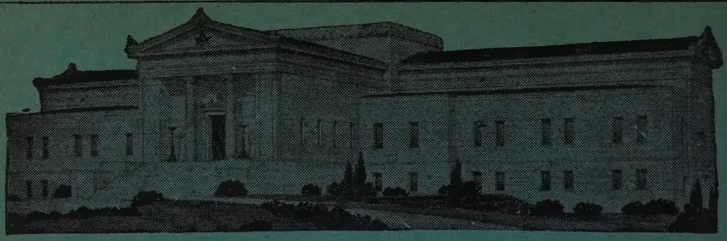

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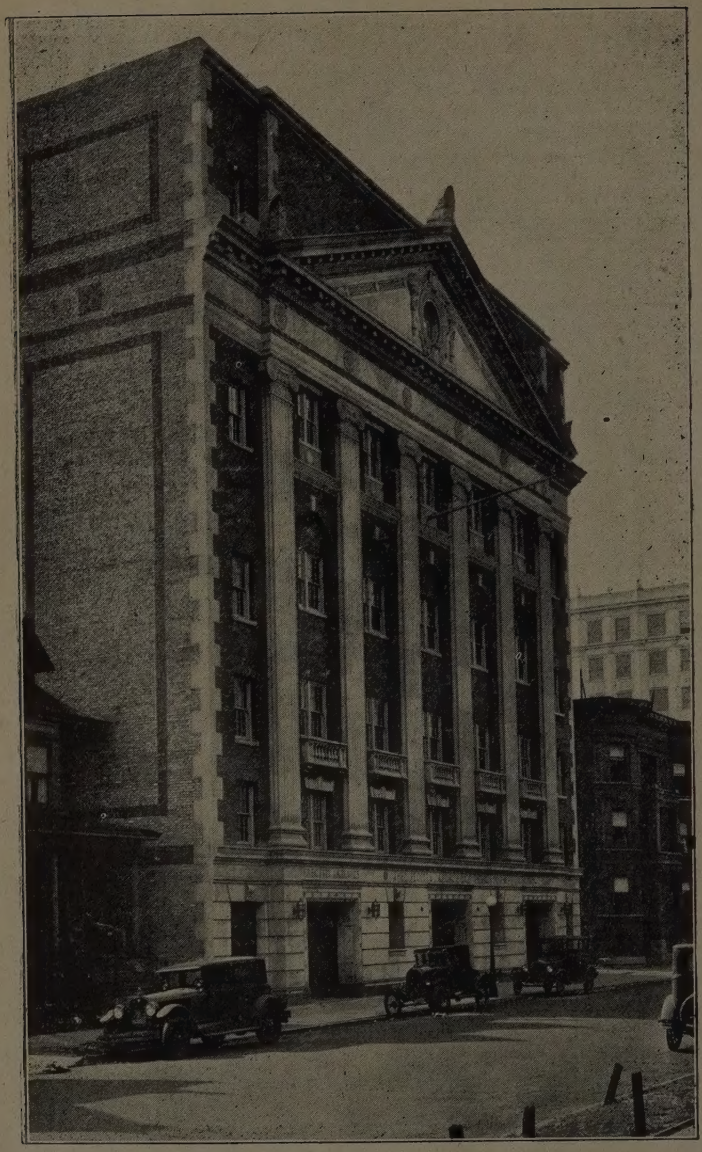

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

# THE LIBERAL

reston Bradley ..... Editor
race Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor
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## *MEMORIES THAT DWELL IN THE GARDEN*

**By Grace Thayer Bradley**

August is a quiet time,—the rds are still, they hop about in e underbrush or in the tree oughs in a hushed way as tho ying to be as inconspicuous as ssible; it seems but yesterday ey were singing joyously their adle songs and busy the live- ng day feeding their ever hun- y little ones. There is a blue aze in the air veiling the dis- nt hills and hanging over the lands like thin smoke. Spiders e spinning their webs across e garden path catching in their eshes diamond drops of dew. ithout a calendar one would ow that it is mid-August, the me when summer surreptitious- packs her dainty clothes and der cover of a moonless night kes flight, whither no one ows—no one may follow her, ly we shall awaken some morn- g and find her parting gifts of ange and crimson leaves and a isp tang in the air. But while e still lingers she paints the rden with lavish brush.

Two moons back my garden oked scragly and just green ith very little bloom, due to over uch rain, but late July and Au- st with warm sunny days and ol nights has worked a miracle. othing could be more cheery d colorful than a mass of lox, like a garden-party of tle children all dressed in gay int frocks, every color combina- on imaginable. And how lovely ey are in a green bowl on the rch table.

Pansies always bloom best in dewy August, and tall cosmos sway and nod their pretty heads in the breeze. Zinnias always herald autumn in their dull reds, orange, salmon-pink and violet shades, they seem so sturdy not to be daunted by fall winds that soon will be blowing daintier petals to the ground.

There they stand, thick clusters, in all their rich color a background for the nicotine lilies — lovely white flowers hanging gracefully from tall stalks that come up from broad green leaves at the base,—such beautiful pure white, starlike flowers opening their petals in the late afternoon, sending forth their luscious perfume thru the evening dusk, and all thru the night it is wafted thru the window by every gentle breeze. If one looks out upon the garden in the darkest night those lovely lilies seem to glow like stars with a white light. They bloom in a large cluster in my garden and the humming birds and golden velvety bees come to sip their sweetness,—but for me they hold memories that do not fade and that autumn's frost cannot kill—memories of my childhood spent where there was an abundance of old fashioned flowers, and a tiny lake with a fountain whose tinkling, dripping, splashing song was a lullaby thru the night without which I used to think I could never sleep. And the old gardener who taught me the names of flowers often stayed

up all night during a hot spell to change the hose from one lawn or flower bed to another that they might be fully refreshed before the next day's sun.

Yes, there is nothing that awakens memories like an odor. The sweet spicy breath of nicotine lilies carries me back to childhood and later when I was a young woman one day when it seemed to me the world had fallen away from my feet. One August evening my sweet little mother walked thru the garden and talked with the gardener about the flowers; that night when she closed her brown eyes that had something of the pansy's softness in their depths, they did not open to see the dawn of the morning.

The next day into that quiet home the aged gardener came with faltering steps, his eyes blinded by tears which ran down his deeply furrowed cheeks. He carried a large bunch of nicotine lilies, garden roses, pansies and heliotrope—and his large sun-browned hands shook as he laid them on her bier. His tears dropped on them like dew drops—he placed them at her feet—those pure white flowers that glow in the darkness like stars and send out their perfume thru the night. As I tend my garden I often think of that old gardener and the nicotine lilies of my childhood.

## *BOOK CHATS*

It is seldom that I become unduly excited over a novel. But I have just finished one that has left me in a state of enthusiasm. I have been wondering for sometime just how long it would be before some competent writer used the conflict between material and spiritual forces as the theme for a novel. It possesses all the necessary qualities for a first rate story and something just a little bit more. Well, I have found the novel and it is a most unusual one. If you are interested in a book that tells a story and tells it most graphically and at the same time has philosophical truths in the mouths of the characters then by all means procure a copy of Sir Philip Gibb's "The Age of Reason" and read every word of it. I have waited for the coming of this book. I knew sooner or later someone would do it. I am going to use it as the basis for a sermon this winter in the church and I am going to lecture on it before several clubs and societies. I wish that every young person would read it and their parents as well. It is that rare combination of being a good story about very modern conditions and problems without violating any of the artistic standards by assuming the role of the preacher. If I am not very much mistaken I think you will find that this book will be one of the most talked about novels of the winter. I am surely going to do my share of the talking. Woven into the texture of the book are most of the problems connected with our modern life. Youth, religion, drink, Freudianism, culture, morality, poverty, science, parenthood, marriage, and love are all there in abundance. It is obviously a novel with a purpose yet it is true to literary standards of the novel for the author tells his story and leaves the rest up to the reader. You will hear more from me about this book and my heartiest suggestion to you is—read the book.

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I suppose a careful survey of my mail would reveal the interesting fact that more than half of those who write ask for a list

of books which deal with the philosophical problems of life. It is no mystery to me that a book like Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" would have the large circulation which it does. We are all of us by nature lured by the unknown. Most of us are at heart adventurers. Going where we have never been is almost a universal ambition. The world is pretty much of a riddle and as individuals we are all more or less enigmas. To know is our supreme passion. And yet after all that which we can know is so infinitesimal compared with that which is to be known that the wisest are still ignorant. Still there is always the romance of the quest.

I am very grateful when I find a book that I know will be of great assistance to those who are seeking. In a universe like this it is one of the most pitiful things I know to see people going thru life without any great realization of the structure and nature of the world in which they live. In 1925 Houghton Mifflin Company published a book which in my humble opinion is a much better book than "The Story of Philosophy". I cannot understand why it has never "caught on." The best minds in America have again and again pronounced it a great book. I heard Joseph Fort Newton say once that he considered it the best book on philosophy yet published in the United States. The best part of it is that this book is an ideal book for the beginner. Altho Prof. George Thomas White Patrick, its author, is a professor of Philosophy in the University of Iowa, it is not academic in the class room sense. It is altogether most readable with a flowing easy style and is not at all technical in its terminology. Dr. Patrick says of his own book in the preface, "The present book sets forth no system of philosophy—at least I hope not. 'Systems' of philosophy are not now in good repute. Nevertheless the book is not wholly impersonal. Readers like to get the view point of the author, if only in a footnote. I have, therefore, not hesitated to indicate my own views, or at least to point out the direction from which the light seems to come. In this critical and individualistic age such a method is not likely to lead the reader astray. He will think for himself anyway." I have owned this book for three years and its place in my library is on my study desk. I suggest to all of those who have written me or to those who contemplate doing so that they begin with this book by Dr. Patrick, "The World and Its Meaning—An Introduction To Philosophy."

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One day last summer when Mrs. Bradley and I strolled into the London office of the Chicago Daily News to get a glimpse of a familiar newspaper the first item I read told me of the death of my friend James Oliver Curwood. A few months before I had sat at a banquet table with him and he seemed in the best of health. I sat for a few moments in the window of the London office looking out over the human maelstrom of Trafalgar Square. My body was in England but my thoughts were far away in a little town on the banks of the Shiawasee River in Michigan. Curwood and I were born on the banks of the same river and only twenty six miles apart.

In the last few years because of our mutual interest in conservation and the Isaac Walton League we were thrown much together. I have an autograph copy of most of his books. Some of the so-called "high-brow" literary critics speak somewhat sneeringly of Curwood's literary ability and do not accord him a very high place in the writing profession. He has written some very transitory books. Perhaps some of them were written hastily and with an ear to the ground but James Oliver Curwood at his best was a good story teller and an ardent lover of all of the out-of-doors. As I have no literary

reputation to guard I hereby state publicly and right out loud that I like the most of his books. Anyone, including the critics, can read "Back to God's Country" and "God's Country—the Trail to Happiness" with benefit.

How often it happens that a man's best work is his last. The best novel Curwood ever wrote, I think, is the one published after he had died,—"The Plains of Abraham". The book is an historical romance and is based upon fact. It follows the story of THE BLACK HUNTER beginning where that excellent book leaves off. The novel throws a great light on Indian character. Mr. Curwood says in the concluding paragraph of the preface. "My great-grandmother was a Mohawk, and it is with pardonable pride and satisfaction that I find myself able to present to the public an occasional evidence of the nobler side of Indian character, suppressed through a period of centuries by the white man's egoism and prejudice. The Indian was the greatest of all friends, the greatest of all patriots, the greatest of all lovers of his country. Despoiled, subjugated, annihilated, he died a savage". I visited Curwood's mother when she was on her death bed and there saw something of that stoical character of the noble Indian who bears patiently the storms and conflicts of life. She was a wonderful woman and she gave a son whom I was proud to call—my friend.

P. B.

## GLORIOUS MORN

Ere we retired
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the pathway wound
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld — in front
The sea lay laughing at a distance: near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.

Wordsworth, in "The Prelude.

# *"THE PAGEANT OF NATURE"*

**A Sermon by Dr. Bradley. Stenographically Reported**

I remember seeing the Ben Greet Players at the University of Michigan one July evening. Ben Greet was playing the part of Caliban. It was an out-of-doors performance. There is much of Shakespeare that is adaptable to the out-of-doors. It is a great mystery to me that more Shakespearian producers do not play Shakespeare in summer and out-of-doors. Ben Greet was playing the part of Caliban, this beautiful July night, in a natural woodland spot. His stage was made by nature; his background was the trees; right in the middle of the most marvellous and dramatic part of the play a thunder storm came, and while he was crawling over the rocks, that stage at intermittent moments was aglow with flashes of lightning, and those great streaks which shot across the sky lighted his face. A few moments later a terrific rainstorm came, and that ended the play. But what a setting! Why shouldn't it end the play? Shakespeare always ended with tragedy in every one of his tragic plays. And I thought, in connection with this memory, in the last few moments, what a wonderful thing it would be for a man to be able to face an audience like this on a hillside, out there amongst the trees and birds! There is the place to talk about the pageant of Nature. There is the only place where one can speak about it with an element of beauty that is commensurate with his theme. But we are not there, tragic as it is. We are here, in a city that men have made.

It is very interesting to the lovers of Nature to realize the revival that has swept America which gives evidence of a new and a deep love for Nature. All sorts of institutions, all sorts of groups and organizations have been very definitely at work the past few years in solidifying certain movements that have to do with the life and preservation of natural beauty, and the response that is given to these institutions on the part of the general public is one of the most hopeful things that we face as we look toward the future. A nation that is not ashamed to have in its heart a fundamental love of the great natural things that constitute the real life and foundation upon which that nation is built is a nation that need not worry so very much about its physical and organic unity. Some one said a great many years ago, "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws," for after all it is the things that men love and the things that men devote their energies to because of that love that determines the strength of the republic. The center of affections is the dynamo of all human action.

A lot of people like to pretend that they love nature, and particularly do they like to pretend that they love nature when they detect that they are in the presence of some one who does fundamentally love nature. And yet, after all, I think that the pretension is better than no love at all, for if people will keep on saying, "Isn't that beautiful?" or, "Isn't that grand?" long enough, there may be a reaction that will give them an idea of the real beauty that is in it.

Now, when we come to this great subject of nature and the love of nature and the real appreciation of nature in an effort to interpret what nature does to you and to me as we become a part of it out there in that great out-of-doors, we have a great provocative theme. And yet it is very interesting to study what literature has given to us, particularly

English literature, in the past two and a half centuries about this subject of nature. I have come to the conclusion, as far as it has been possible for me to study the science of anthropology, that man fundamentally and in a primitive sense was not a lover of nature at all. I believe it is purely the imagination of certain writers who do not know the primitive man who try and crystallize in literature the idea that primitive man was fundamentally a lover of nature. This is particularly true in the savage world. I have spent a great many months of my life amongst the Indians known as the Chippewa. Lake Vermilion has a thousand of these Indians around its shores during the summer; I have seen them in every conceivable type and degree of their civilization, which is still quite primitive in the northern woods along the Canadian boundary. And I have never yet known an Indian who possessed a fundamental love of nature. I have never known an Indian that was thrilled by the wonders of the world of nature. Never. And I believe that the savage in a primitive state never reacts against this world of nature. To him it was a matter of necessity for sustenance and for clothing, and for the development of his family relationship to the degree of civilization, but never for the sake of nature itself. The folklore of the Indian, as Longfellow has given it to us in Hiawatha, is purely creative imagery and romance of the Anglo-Saxon; it is not the Indian. It is quite true that the Indian has his romance; it is the relationship of the human, and it is quite possible that he has preserved in some of his old songs as they have been translated to us by men like Sassoon, who has given us that wonderful volume of Chippewa songs, which is evidence that there were individuals among the Indians who had a fundamental appreciation of nature. But in the general sense, the Indian, as an Indian, never stopped long enough in the satisfaction of the more physical necessities that he needed to enjoy the beauties of nature. With him familiarity brought nature to the commonplace. There was not the element of contrast. And there are very few nature students and nature lovers, even to this day, amongst the white people who can preserve a continual love of nature by spending twelve months every year out in the open. The thing which inspires a deeper appreciation is the fact of contrast, and the opportunity people have of getting out after they have been shut in. The Indian was all a part of the open spaces; he never knew at all the onward march of the white civilization, if such it may be called. He never knew the restrictions of modern society, and it bred such a depth of familiarity with him that the poetic and esthetic side of his nature was dwarfed, and it became merely necessity for him for the maintenance of his following and personal comfort. He was filled with a knowledge of folklore of his tribe, of woodcraft, how to make fire, but the only value of the stars to him was for the purpose of navigation across those great uncharted inland seas; the only value of the trees was to detect on which side the bark grew thicker so he would be able to find which way north; the only value of the winds that swept across the prairies possessed for him was to give some evidence where was the best place to trap and shoot the denizens of the forest.

Now, what is true with the savage is likewise true with primitive man.

Would you be interested in realizing that in King James' version of the Bible alone there are more direct allusions to nature than in all the literature of Greece and Rome combined? The ancient Greeks and Romans were not lovers of nature, notwithstanding the fact that their architecture bases the principle of the colonnades upon the curvatures

of the snow banks; that is where they first conceived their idea, and yet they were not fundamentally lovers of nature in the full appreciative sense. Greek literature is barren, very barren, of the vibrant theme of nature. In the work of Sophocles we find the acme and practically the conclusion of all that Greek literature has about nature. Sophocles was one of the dramatists of ancient Greece; he caught the beauty and thrill of the open. Bishop Quayle says "Philotetes is the great poem of nature in Greek." Some one says to me, "But what about Homer, the Odessey of Homer?" Well, what about Homer, with his Odessey? We usually speak of the Odessey as being a great epic of the sea, and yet after all is the Odessey an epic of the sea? How many can detect in the "Odessey a background for Ulysses?" It was only its appeal to nature for the purpose of creating a background for the character of Ulysses. Humanity was the theme of the ancient Greeks; humanity was the theme of the ancient Romans, and you can take the poetry and the history of Augustus Caesar, the Iliad, Cicero, Horace — Horace in Latin occupies the same position to this thought which Sophocles does in Greek literature. And after you have said the word "Horace" in Latin literature and "Sophocles" in Greek, you have spoken of the men who have written of nature in terms of fundamental appreciation. It is not any wonder to me that there are so many people today in modern civilization and in modern society that do not care anything about the great-out-of-doors, people who have not a fundamental reaction from seeing a little blade of grass growing out of the earth. People who do not react to the thrill and the cry of the birds of the air—it is not any wonder to me when I think of the sixty thousand years back of them and the literature they had upon this appreciation. No, it remained for English literature in particular, as it is especially apropos of our immediate situation to produce the first great master that spoke to us of the literature of the out-of-doors, and that was Oliver Goldsmith. Chaucer deserted it, even Chaucer with his "Canterbury Tales," who was the father of all English literature. Chaucer himself deserted the appeal of the out-of-doors. In hardly one group of words in all that Chaucer left to us, the father and founder of modern English, all that we could find are hardly twelve pages of allusions to nature. With Chaucer it was man. He was always as all the rest, trying to crystallize the emotional quality to the social relationship and to the scientific elements of the struggle of man. But along came Oliver Goldsmith. Oliver Goldsmith, who was no more a part of the city than it is possible for a prairie to be—and in "The Deserted Village," which every student of English ought to read and understand, Oliver Goldsmith opened the gate that led out to the garden of nature. He left the city of Dr. Johnson, he left the city of Swift and Addison and Steele, he left the city of Ben Jonson. All of them so citified, all of them so smelly of the smells of the city; every line they have written is tinctured with the cloister. With Oliver Goldsmith there was the great breadth and sweep and majesty of the open. No limitation. His soul soared lightly, and he saw the reaction of the world of nature and he closed the city. In this particular he excelled Charles Dickens. Charles Dickens was pre-eminently an interpreter of city life and city conditions and city circumstances and though he portrayed the trends of human life, yet even through all of Dickens' works there is a lack of that fine quality of the reaction of the love of nature in man's work and in man's heart.

After Oliver Goldsmith we find the poet and Bobbie Burns comes upon the stage of literary action, and where does Bobbie Burns ex-

cel? Where do we find the real touch of genius in Burns? Why, we find it when he speaks of "The Twa Brigs;" we find it when he speaks of Allaway Kirk; we find it when he speaks of Tam O'Shanter; we find all that great rippling beauty that ripples like a mountain stream in reaction of his life to the country-side. When Burns touches the philosophy of the city Burns becomes mediocre, and the city does not thrill or inspire his genius. Burns is a great poet of nature.

Where do we find it again in English literature? We find it in Shelley, and in Keats. Until we find the finest of all the English poets on nature—Wordsworth. No student of nature and no one who is trying to understand nature, can neglect Wordsworth. You will find in Wordsworth a poetic response of sublime sanity thru the influences of nature and beauty which will sublimate your soul. Read Wordsworth if you would climb the broad plateau land of natural beauty.

Then after Wordsworth we find that man is gradually developing a more sympathetic understanding. It is a period of industrialism, a period of economic unity, when governments were being formed and empires were being established and republics were born; it was a time when the evolution of man compelled a certain unit of social expression, and we find him congregating in units all over the world, and we have the time of growth of the cities. Just think of it! That the city of Chicago itself is only a child, only a baby in the cradle; and these later days that have been the result of this socialization and unifying of the group units into things called the city has been a time that has forced man back again and out again into the great open spaces of the out-of-doors, until we find our own literature, specifically American literature, reacting in the men who have left for us and solidified for all time the reaction of the American love for literature—every poet of American literature, but one, belonged to the out-of-doors, and that one exception was our greatest poet in some particulars—Edgar Allen Poe. Had Edgar Allen Poe been a poet of the out-of-doors, had Edgar Allen Poe divorced himself from the terrible psychological circumstances of the city, Edgar Allen Poe would probably have left for us a great epic poem like Milton's "Paradise Lost," or Dante's divine comedy, or "Paradise Regained." Edgar Allen Poe was essentially the product of the tragic reaction of the city and the remorse which ate at his very soul created such a duality of temperament in spite of the superb literary faculty which he possessed, that an element of madness was the result of the strange duality, and a distorted moral structure was the result. But even in spite of it all, Edgar Allen Poe was probably America's greatest poet in some particulars, and yet he is the outstanding exception as the poet of the out-of-doors.

Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes are all of them poets of the great out-of-doors. Where can we find in all English literature anything more beautiful than Bryant's "Ode to a Waterfall?" Where is the great poetic sublimity of the signs of evening speaking into the soul like standing with Bryant and watching the flight of the solitary water fowl as it goes to its resting place for the night? Where do we find anything quite so sublime as Whitman gave us—who was that strange paradox, the poet of the city, the poet of the sweat and mass of human life, and yet at the same time the poet of the great open places? Whitman, who reacted against the turmoil of the city to the larger body of democracy. And it was Whitman's fundamental love and understanding of the democracy of nature that was the inspiration for Whitman, the philosopher, who was able to crystallize into poetry the philosophy of democracy. It was Whitman who

could follow the blighting and withering touch of this thing which we call society to the exclusion of every creative impulse that he was able in a great burst and fury of reaction against the slavery of modern society, to cry, "Loaf, loaf, loaf, and invite your soul." And he knew that the only place where the soul could be fundamentally stirred to the real beauties of life was out there in the great out-of-doors.

Just think how rich American literature is with the poetry and literature of nature! Have you ever thought and seriously contemplated our richness? When I read such monstrosities of literary groupings as "Main Street" and "Moon Calf." Men who think that they have written the great American novel, that five years from today will be as dead as a mackerel. I predict that "Main Street" and Moon Calf" and the rest of this modern school of realism, which is all copied from the school of realistic literature that swept Europe fifteen years ago, will never live. It is no more like Wasserman's "The World's Illusion," which has just been translated into English, and those other books, "Hunger" and "Freedom of the Soul," by Hamsun. One can detect how some of our modern writers have either consciously or unconsciously felt the reaction of the thing that swept over Europe fifteen years ago, and finally landed in America. As though the small town, like Glover Prairie, Minnesota, should be the place that would inspire the great American novel, when there are a thousand like them in every city; even Chicago has its "Main Street," which everybody knows. A city's "Main Street" will never keep alive the city. No, the great American novel is not yet, and the great American will not be yet for probably the next century and a half, until America has produced, what is always necessary to great literature, great tradition. America has no traditions, and we will never be able to react against the sensitive soul in the world of literature until that time has come with her traditions. America is not making any offer to the world of civilization by her modernity. America, with her patience—we are the most patient people in the world. I know of no other people in the world that would be as tolerant of the wrongs and ills that we are subjected to almost every moment of our lives as the American people. What about your telephone service? What about your transportation? Stand in the loop some night and watch the tired men and girls come from the congested centers of our loop, and see the weariness creep into their faces and the tiredness into their souls as they stand massed together. Is all this evidence of progress? No, it is evidence of patience. And it is this virtue of patience which we possess that will never produce great literature. Never! For all great art is born of unrest and turmoil. It is true in literature; it is true in music; it is true in poetry, in art—all the way along the line. Have you ever thought in the midst of all this modernity who are talking about free verse—free verse, as though poetry or anything was ever free! All art is founded upon scientific laws. Is there such a thing as free music? No. Why? Because every composer must follow scientific laws of melody and tone association, or he will write nothing but discord. And who wants to hear discords?

Is painting free? No. Every artist here this morning will tell you that in mixing the colors upon his palette and in following the great principles of art, he must obey certain scientific laws. Laws which cannot be defied. Free? No.

Is poetry free? No. Can you make it free? Yes, but what will happen? Rot. Some of our modern poets have left off the periods and begin every line with a small letter, and they have thought that they have made a distinct contribution to our American poetry. Perhaps they have,

but the contribution will be of value only by way of contrast.

And so when we come to this thought of nature and the richness of our literature of nature, have you ever thought how rich it is, how rich modern literature is, and the reaction of what love of nature has been among our literary men? Let us take the genius of them all, let us take the master of them all, not in a philosophical sense, as was Emerson, because the background of Emersonian philosophy was to be found in his interpretation of nature, but Emerson was more exclusively a philosopher than a poet of nature. But let us take the peer of them all, old, rough and rugged John Burroughs, who has just slipped away to other gardens, John Burroughs, who at his eighty-fifth birthday dinner said, "I have lived eighty-five years; it has been a wonderful, wonderful eighty-five years." And then he closed his little talk to his little group of friends with this, "And if I could, I would enlist all over again." Oh, there was life! You who think life is the gutter, you who think art is only great when it is realistic, you who think literature finds its climax in the corruption of the city and the slime of its gutters; you who think life is lights and music and paint and powder and wine, and mud plastered into eyelashes; you who think life is a part of buildings, street cars, automobiles, jazz—you who wear your bodies out until you must take something to make you sleep. You men who break down at forty and keel over at your desks with high blood pressure and arterio-schlerosis due to gormandizing and lack of pure air and exercise. In the modern rush and hurry of things, you call it life. Look at John Burroughs, John Muir, after whom Muil Park was named. John Muir, you could not kill him, just as it took storm and blasts and a Pullman berth to kill John Burroughs. It is hard to kill men like these. They did not at forty look as though they were sixty, and at sixty, have a successful funeral. They did not try to make all the money there was in the world. Oh, how frequently I hear men say, "My goal is fifty thousand." And then when they get fifty thousand, then they say a hundred thousand, then they make it two hundred thousand, and then a million, and so on.

John Burroughs at eighty-five could sit in front of his fireplace and cook his potatoes in the hot ashes and take a stick and put it through a chicken and turn it over the hot coals. Then a glass of milk. A feast! Where does your food come from? Whose hands have touched it? Doesn't it all taste alike? Is there any delicacy of flavor, no matter what you eat? Sometimes the more you pay for it, the worse it is. That great simplicity and spirit of it is lost, in the rust of what men call the city.

Look at our literature: John Muir, John Burroughs, Walt Whitman, Stewart Edward White, James Oliver Curwood, Jack London, Henry Van Dyke—and oh, you folks that like novels—and every one ought to like a good novel. Let me say this to you: Read Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" — "Lorna Doone," the greatest novel of the out-of-doors, perhaps, that has ever been crystallized into English. And who knows it these days? We are too speedy. It is too slow. Speed is what we want. In the air, on the earth, under the water — everywhere. Speed, speed. Where are you going? I am not such an enemy of speed as I am of "Where are you going?" Speed is all right, but it depends upon your destination. Today, outside there on Sheridan Road, it will be impossible for one to cross the street from now on until the wee small hours of the morning. And what is it? Speed. And when all they have to do is to turn around and come back. And the lives of men and women, babies, fathers and mothers—you will pick up the papers in the

morning in this city and you will see where the great red hand of blood is grasping at the throat of some one who started out this morning in sunshine and smiles, a sacrifice upon the altar of speed.

Now, I want to tell you just in conclusion what this pageant of nature has meant to me, as simply as I can. The pageant of nature is ushered in with a song. Nature is full of melody, and sometimes, especially at this time of the year when everybody's windows are open, and the things you have to listen to from the metallic boxes, music made by men blowing in jugs, muffled horns that toot every little while, and it doesn't matter so much when they toot. Music, music—until the very table itself wiggles, and they eat—eat in that music—eat in that music. And these days in the city you have to listen, you cannot help it.

Well, the pageant of nature is ushered in by a song, but it is music, and the first note is like a trumpet call, and that note is a love note. It is the love note of the robin calling for its mate from the south. Would you be interested to know that none of the birds that go south, even to South America or Central America, ever sing one note or ever mate in the southland. All the singing and all the love-making is made in the north in the spring. These migratory birds come to us with a song and the pageant of nature is ushered in with a song. And how badly do we need the song in our lives! How badly, you know how badly—because you know what a song will do.

And then the next pageant of nature is what? The beauty of color, and that beauty of color is crystallized in the first spring flower, the trailing arbutus. The first color of the pageant of nature—and there has not been a scientific perfumer who has been able to duplicate the perfume of the trailing arbutus; they have been able to make all kinds of odors that cover up a multitude of sins, but they have never been able to duplicate the trailing arbutus. If you want to see the trailing arbutus you do not have to go to the north of Wisconsin or Michigan; you can get acquainted with the trailing arbutus right here in Chicago. Why, the whole world of nature is here. Yesterday I left my home at five o'clock in the morning and I rode 126 miles in an automobile. During that trip of 126 miles with Dr. and Mrs. Lee and Mr. Woodruff, the head of the Chicago Academy of Science, we found twenty different species and counted sixty birds of these species. The oriole, the bronze grackle, the brown thrasher, the bobolink — the woods were filled with them; all of these were there. The yellow headed blackbird, the red winged blackbird, the white headed blackbird—I only saw one. The woods were all filled with their melodies. And we found flowers, the shooting star flower, and the flower of the sorrel, there they were, in those woods. You say, "Oh, yes, it is easy enough to talk about it when you can go with an automobile." Thank God, you do not need an automobile, and because you have not one you miss a lot of trouble. Get on the train, take the North Shore Electric and walk west. I was told there were more people visited the Forest Preserve last year than went thru the Yellowstone Park last year. It made me feel good. Out there in that great out-of-doors where things are genuine and true. I found an old farm house out near the Forest Preserve which gave evidence of a domestic tragedy, and all around were the weeds and flowers side by side. Alongside the house was a lilac bush; there was a flutter in the lilac bush, and a robin redbreast flew out. There was a nest with four blue eggs. A little further in the backyard I found a currant bush, and there was a brown thrasher's nest with four speckled brown eggs in it. God's home, that day.

I want to say to you, my friends, that the matter of observation in nature is a matter of training, and I want you to know this: the American Wild Flower Preservation Society and the Board of Education are both cooperating with the Academy of Science.

I asked four or five people last evening what they knew about the Chicago Academy of Science and they told me they did not know there was such a thing in Chicago. The Chicago Academy of Science is that great, beautiful structure which faces Center Street down there in Lincoln Park. And every Saturday afternoon at two o'clock the Wild Flower Preservation Association, in connection with the Chicago Board of Education and Mr. Woodruff, are giving lectures to the school children of Chicago on the cultivation of an appreciation and preservation for this great world of the out-of-doors that is here at the threshold of Chicago. Take your children down there next Saturday afternoon at two o'clock and see the work that is being done by Prof. Woodruff and his associates. There is one photograph down there which begins with the Dunes and follows this whole natural country with its flora and its fauna in the foreground, and way around until it comes back again to the lake. It is one of the greatest pictorial representations that I believe exists in any academy of science in the world. Go and see it, and begin this cultivation and appreciation—and then I hear somebody say, "Oh, I haven't time. What do I care about birds and flowers and trees? It is all right for the women and children, but I haven't time." No. Because you haven't time your soul is stifled under the curses of modern civilization; because you haven't time the veneer is eating at our hearts because we haven't time to see the sunrise and to look at the skies and listen to the birds sing; because we haven't the time to stroll through the forests and the woods. But, oh, the time we have—I don't want to get into any trouble here, but I have seen men following the same round, round, round, with a stick and a little white ball — first hit it, hit it again, and around, around. I do not want to be misunderstood. But you can get as much exercise if you will go into the Chicago Forest Preserve and climb fences, and instead of looking for golf balls, look for a bird, out in nature out there, stretching our bodies in the sunshine and filling our souls with happiness from nature in its attempt for the superlative and perfection. No smell of gasoline, no heat, no clamor—none of this disturbance of the chaotic things that wear out body and soul. No, it is God's world. And when you come back you will come back with such peace of soul! And how the petty things that disturbed you will slip away; how the mean things will lose their significance! Why, you will eliminate them by the snap of your fingers. They cannot come into your world. You have communed with God. You have fortified your body with the contact of things elemental; you have bathed in air with all of its purity, with all of its virility and charm. You have found your soul.

And the pageant of nature passes on—we speak of the fall and winter seasons of the year. There is not a season of all the year that does not have its charm, if we can fit ourselves in harmonically with its beauty, for at the end, when the elemental of life comes, and dissolution comes, and the strangeness of the end comes, and the body is tired and worn out with the anxieties of earth, what will it be? I would rather at seventy be able to say, "Oh, I would enlist all over again if I could," than to be like some folks that cannot grow hair on their heads, or cannot eat a whole meal, that have to be pampered all their lives. Did you ever think of the degree of happiness existing between John D. Rocke-

feller and John Burroughs? I think John D. Rockefeller would give all the money he had if he could eat one of Burroughs' baked potatoes from the ashes; I think John D. Rockefeller would give all—almost all—the money he had, if he could grow a head of hair half as good as John Burroughs, or whiskers like John Burroughs.

No, the throb of earth has been lost by the processes of living. And if we can only keep the processes of life going as we ought to, the city where a man must work—and we have all our work to do—will not be so sad; but I beg and plead of you, instead of spending your hours of recreation by riding up and down Sheridan Road, go out here and follow Higgins Road and keep on going until you find the great Forest Preserve. It is all yours. Do not pluck the flowers, but go out there, and fill your lungs with air. Let your soul be charmed with the music of birds. Then come back to your workshop, purified and rarified, and sublimated, and remember that he has found the secret of all success who can decrease his limitations and who by centering his affections upon trees, enriches life, and in the end I repeat the words of the Psalmist from which there is no appeal, "He leadeth me into green pastures," and because He leadeth me "He restoreth my soul."

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## DAY BY DAY

O Marvelous Master, let me find
Some link that will for ever bind
Our minds to an eternal Mind.

John Masefield.

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We are children of God now, beloved; what we are to be is not apparent yet, but we do know that when he appears, we are to be like him—for we are to see him as he is. I John iii. 2.

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For me it is not spring,
Till—O, whatsoever the hour—
Singing awakes in my soul;
Till my brain is a-leaf and a-flower,
And my heart is grown mightily whole.

H. Bryan Binns.

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God is the fact of the fact, the life of the life, the soul of the soul, the incomprehensible, the sum of all contradictions, the unit of all diversity; he who knows him, knows him not; he who is without him, is full of him; turn your back upon him, then turn your back upon gravity, upon air, upon light.

John Burroughs.

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Men of good will really have no quarrel with the religion of Christianity when they are allowed to know what it is.

W. Scott Palmer.

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Truth illuminates and gives joy, but it is by the bond of joy, not of pleasure, that men's spirits are indissolubly held.

Matthew Arnold.

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"Happiness is not the end of life: character is."

Henry Ward Beecher.

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Sacrifice never should be the means of ennoblement, but only the sign of our being ennobled.

Maeterlinck.

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God...dwells in man, why then are we men so long a-seeking? Let us but seek to know ourselves, and when we find ourselves we know all; we need run nowhere to seek God, for we can thereby do him no service; if we do but seek and love one another, then we love God; what we do to one another, that we do to God.

Jacob Boehme.

Even thy name is as a god.
Heaven! for thou art the abode
Of that Power which is the glass
Wherein man his nature sees.
Generations as they pass
Worship thee with bended knees.
Their unremaining gods and they
Like a river roll away;
Thou remainest such alway.
Shelley.

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Philosophy shows us the life of the body on the road to the life of the spirit.

Life is a free activity in an open universe. We may be of little account in the great whole. Humanity itself and the planet on which it has won its success may be an infinitesimal part of the universal life, but it is one and identical with that life, and our struggle and striving is the impetus of life. And this above all our spiritual life means to us, the past has not perished, the future is being made.

H. Wildon Carr.

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Nature does nothing in vain.
William Harvey.

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"Harvey's greatest service to medicine was not the discovery of the circulation, but his rescue of medicine from the demonology of myth.

Sir Arthur Keith.

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## BROAD MINDEDNESS

In Norfolk there are districts where the slow-moving rivers spread out over the land, forming the wide sheets of water known as "The Broads." They might also be known as "The Shallows"; only the name would not sound quite so attractive. It is true that the shallowness of "The Broads" in no way detracts from their beauty. But it is worth while to remember that breadth and shallowness sometimes go together. When you have only a limited quantity of water, breadth is achieved at the expense of depth.

There are people to-day who proudly call themselves broad-minded, but who might with equal truth describe themselves as shallow-minded. They profess a wide tolerance, but the breadth of their tolerance is the simple counter part to the shallowness of their experience. It is easy to be broad and shallow.

A young man applying for a situation as foreign correspondent concluded his letter of application thus: "If there is any question at all as to religion, I am entirely broadminded, and am quite prepared to adopt any form of religion that pleases you." This type of broad-shallow-mindedness is far too common. There are people who realize, in a hazy sort of way, that there is something to be said for all the great religions of the world and for all the sects of Christendom—even, perhaps, for Unitarianism. But they are too lazy, or too indifferent, to search for the pearl of great price. They suppose that one religion is about as good as another. They quote with gusto such sayings as "There are many roads to the City of God"; but if they were asked which particular road they happened to be travelling along, they would be puzzled how to answer. They make up for their lack of enthusiasm for the faith of their fathers by professing a mild esteem for a multitude of esoteric faiths of which their fathers had never heard, and with which they have but a superficial acquaintance. And they suppose that they are broad-minded.

It is for Unitarians to show that broad-minded tolerance is not necessarily another name for latitudinarian indifference. In matters of religion, the only form of broad-mindedness which is worth reckoning is as deep as it is broad. It is not easy to be broad and deep, yet the combination is vital to the spiritual life. Jesus said: "He that is not against us is for us"—there was the breadth of his religion. But he also said: "He that is not with me is against me"—there was the depth of his religion.

## LAYMAN PUBLISHES SERMONS SPOKEN BY HIS MINISTER

Rev. Charles G. Girelius recently preached a series of sermons in the First Unitarian Church of Ellsworth, Maine, on "What Do Unitarians Believe?" A prominent layman of the church has had the sermons printed and bound under one cover for free distribution. The parish will gladly send copies to any person who asks for them. For each copy desired, five cents should be forwarded to cover postage.

In his sermon "Concerning Life," Mr. Girelius said:

"If in our freedom of belief we find ourselves in unanimous agreement regarding many things, that only goes to prove that freedom in truth-seeking tends ever to the common discovery of truth. Let us prove that we are a live church by our positive beliefs, by our convictions, by the influences for good that go forth from us into the community by our deeds of good, by our message to humanity, by the beauty and strength of our individual personalities, by our faith in life, by our trust in God, by our realization of the fact that our churches are today confronting the perplexing challenge of a changing order and are face to face with a new and great task.

"As we learn the meaning of life, as we discover and master the forces wrapped up within ourselves, as we establish contact with the great spiritual energies of infinite life, we shall live freely and healthily, fruitfully and abundantly; and we shall create for ourselves and for each other a world of beauty and truth, of happiness and power."

## MOUNTAIN MIST

I—Who are those fellows stepping so airily?

Myself—Those are theories.

I—They look so respectable.

Myself—And confident.

I—They are restive.

Myself—Never standing still.

I—So well dressed.

Myself—Yes; in gray.

I—They seem to be made of the mist.

Myself—They seem to be made of the mist.

I—And who are those big fellows lurking over there?

Myself—Those are facts.

I—I can hardly see them.

Myself—The theories hide them.

I—They are gigantic.

Myself—They are much larger than we can see.

I—They don't move.

Myself—They are hills of granite.

I—They do not show as much confidence as the theories.

Myself—No; they do not show.

I—What was that noise?

Myself—Laughter.

I—Why, who laughed?

Myself—The facts were laughing at the theories.

Arthur B. Rhinow.

## *DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH*

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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## REGULAR EVENTS

**School of Religious Education** Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

**Woman's Club**—Every Monday.

**Men's Forum**—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

**Young People's Club**—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

**Church Trustees Meeting**—Second Monday evenings.

## CHURCH NEWS

Services of the church will be resumed Sunday morning September 16th at 10:45 in the church edifice at Lawrence Avenue and Sheridan Road. Mr. Walter H. Flandorf will be at the organ and the Chorus Choir under the direction of Mr. Emerson Abernethy will sing. The service will be broadcast by station WMAQ and because of the increased power of the station our radio audience will be greatly increased. The station has been getting reports from Vermont to Colorado in their daylight schedule of broadcasting. Dr. Preston Bradley, the pastor, will preach the sermon. The subject for the opening sermon will be announced in the September Liberal which will be published early in the month of September. A letter announcing the opening of the church will be mailed to every member of the church before the services resume. If you are a member of the church and do not receive an announcement of the opening service will you kindly notify the church office? We are very anxious to have our mailing list in good condition. If you have moved will you kindly send your new address to the church office at once?

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The new members who have united with the church during summer will be received into the church on the first Sunday in October. That will be the date of the first public reception of new members. You may unite with the church at any time. Public reception of new members takes place the first Sunday of every month. Last year we received 218 new members and this year we have set the goal at 300. A letter to the church office will bring you all the information concerning uniting with the church. The members of our radio audience are invited to become members although they may be unable to attend the services in person. Many members from the radio audience were received last year.

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What a fine condition it would be if all the pledges and obligations to the Building Fund could be brought up to date by the opening of the church on September 16. The fiscal year of the church begins with the first Sunday in June. The pledges all begin with the date they are made and run for fifty-two weeks. Will you kindly get in touch with the church office in regard to new pledges and seats? Let us have the best year in the history of the church. By making an effort now the matter of church finances will not have to be presented so often from the pulpit.

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On July eleventh Dr. Bradley gave the principal address at the International Convention of the Lion's Clubs in the Shrine Auditorium in Des Moines, Ia. In the afternoon he addressed the students at the summer session of Drake University. He will also give the Commencement address for Drake University next June. In the evening he addressed the Banquet of Lions International at the Ft. Des Moines Hotel.

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The Vermilion Old Settlers' Club met at McKinley Park on Lake Vermilion on July 19. For the twelfth time Dr. Bradley gave the principal address in the afternoon and also spoke at the Banquet held in the Tower High School in the evening. The organization is composed of the pioneers of the Vermilion range. Many of them are identified with the iron ore developments of the range. Arthur Nelson, a candidate for the United States Senate from Minnesota was the other speaker.

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Saturday noon, July 21, Dr. Bradley performed the marriage ceremony for Mr. Verle J. Hawks and Miss Frances L. Benedict in the church auditorium.

Sunday morning, July 22, Dr. Bradley was the University preacher at the University of Chicago in Mandel Hall. His subject was "What Is Religion?" It was most gratifying to meet so many members of the Peoples Church and the radio audience at his service. Mandel Hall was crowded altho the morning was unusually warm.

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Miss Lorraine Anderson, who has been critically ill, is convalescing at her summer home in Antioch, Ill. In a recent letter which her father, C. K. Anderson, wrote to Dr. Bradley, her complete recovery was assured. Miss Anderson will resume her studies at Northwestern University this fall.

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The pastor and the church office are very anxious to have the names of all the young people who are members or friends of the church who are attending schools, colleges and universities this fall. Will the students and parents kindly co-operate in this matter with us? Just send us your name and address and the name of the school which you are going to attend. We will very much appreciate your doing this and our co-operation may assist you in your work.

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Dr. Edmund Miller, of Maywood, Illinois, is one of the good friends of the Peoples Church and its pastor. He is president of the Maywood Chapter of the Isaac Walton League of America and the proprietor of the Grand View Resort on Lake Vermilion at Tower, Minnesota. Among many other things his resort is famous for its chicken dinners. Knowing a minister's love for the feathered tribe early in the morning of July 4 and while all the inhabitants of Black Duck Island were fast asleep a boat from Grand View landed and let loose three fine spring roosters. The pastor was awakened in the early hours by the crowing of three patriotic roosters for there was a white one, a blue one and a red one. The white rooster was as nature had made him but the other two had been dipped in "rit." For days this colorful triumvirate have been crowing and scratching their way over our little island home little realizing that they are to constitute the principal part of the birthday dinner for Dr. Bradley which will be given on August 18 in Arden Lodge on the island. We express to Dr. Miller our appreciation for his gift and also for his sense of patriotic expression. One doesn't often see a blue rooster!

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Many souvenir post cards are being received daily at Arden Lodge, Black Duck Island, from the many friends and members of the church who are spending their holidays in various parts of the world. We appreciate them all and will be glad to see the senders "face to face" when we are all safely home. Every trail at last leads home and it will not be long now before we are all settled down for a winter of work.

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## BENJAMIN THOMAS

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I will miss greatly one face when church opens in September. A face I looked for every Sunday morning and was seldom missing. On my various trips to Chicago during the summer I always went in to see my friend. The last time I saw him I knew it would be my last, yet his buoyant spirit and tender graciousness was still present. I leaned over him at his bedside to say good by and he said "I hope you get some big fish." Mr. Thomas who passed quietly away on August 9 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, 918 Sunnyside Ave., was one of the finest men I have ever known. He had had 85 years of life and it came to a close like a vesper hymn. He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Reynolds, a member of our Board of Trustees and President of the Ninth District of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Char-

les H. Davies and Mrs. Grant Jones.

It was always an inspiration to me to watch him from the pulpit of the church on Sunday mornings. Few persons in the audience entered more heartily into the spirit of the service and when I realized that his deafness prevented him from hearing one thing in the service I marvelled all the more at his interest and attendance. He had hundreds of friends in the church and was known by many in Uptown Chicago whom he had met in the long daily walks which he always took. Kindly, sympathetic, courteous and cheerful were only a few of his many noble qualities. He was taken to his old home in Dodgeville, Wisconsin, there to rest in the land of his fathers. I am grateful for having known him and he leaves behind him a heritage of a beautifully lived life. The church extends to those who are left to mourn their loss its deepest sympathy.

—P. B.

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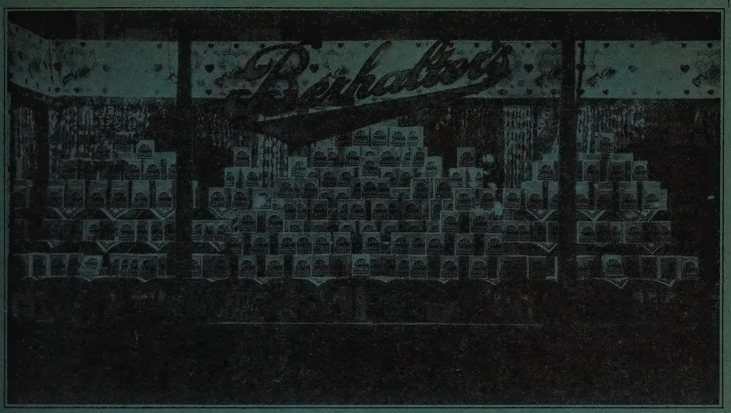


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that opportunity knocks but once.

**HOWEVER,**
this may be there are exceptions in all things.

**OPPORTUNITY**
is not the elusive creature she is accused of being.
She comes again and again in different form and we must be alert to recognize her when she beckons.

**OPPORTUNITY**
calls on you when you see this message by telling you of a place where you can learn of the Idealism of natural Foods.

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